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Summary:

Max and Jane were the first ones to move out of Hawkins. Together.

Home.

“Yes, I’ll call every week I promise.” Jane said, twirling the cord for the light green telephone around her finger. Max dropped another box by her foot and Jane smiled appreciatively at her girlfriend. A voice on the other line brought her back into the conversation.

“I know Dad. I’ll be very careful at night, Max and I will make sure to not anger anyone too much bigger than us.” Jane rolled her eyes and Max leaned against the wall, staring lovingly at her girlfriend. “I know, I know, and trust me we’ll use protection.”

Max could faintly hear laughter from the other line and she watched wistfully as her girlfriend phoned home.

“Ok, I have to go now. Give Momma my love.” Jane said, smiling into the phone. “Love you too Dad. Bye.” Jane hung the phone up and leaned against the wall, letting out a deep breath and looking over their small apartment.

Max sidled up behind her and put her arms around Jane’s waist, hugging her close and breathing in the scent of her detergent. Jane leaned back into Max, closing her eyes for just a moment and letting herself embrace the warmth of her girlfriend behind her.

“Do you have anyone you need to call?” Jane asked softly, craning her head up to attempt to look Max in the eyes. Max had grown quite a bit, leaving Jane in the dust.

“Nah.” Max shook her head, looking down at her girlfriend. “Only Dustin and Lucas but they might not even be up yet.” She said softly, pressing a kiss to the top of her girlfriend's head.

“When do they move out?” Jane asked, her hands going to Max’s arms which were wrapped around her waist.

“Soon. I think in about three weeks.” Max said. She and Jane had been the first ones to leave Hawkins, not counting Steve, Nancy and Jonathan who had all gone their separate ways for colleges but were nearly in debt from the amount of phone calls they had given and

received. Until they all moved back that is, and settled down into a small house at the end of an ordinary street. So in a way, it had been Jane and Max who had moved out for good first.

“What about Will and Mike?” Max asked playfully. Both girls knew full well that those boys wouldn’t be leaving. Hawkins had sunk its claws into the Byers family, and Will was no exception.

“I think they’ll stay.” Jane said, closing her eyes again and resting her weight on Max, pressing her girlfriend into the wall. Max sighed contentedly and let herself be weighed upon, nuzzling the top of Jane’s heads.

Jane smelled like apple juice and peaches, a fruity but light and childish smell. Fitting for the girl who had grown up too fast. Max smelled like lemongrass and sleep, a fresh and new scent that had enticed Jane from the moment they met. Their new apartment smelled like old wallpaper and dust but both girls figured that in time it would smell like them.

“We should get to work.” Max said quietly, attempting to push Jane off of her. Jane grumbled a bit, but complied, removing herself from Max’s embrace and picking up one of their boxes. Max smiled and pushed herself off the wall to help her girlfriend.

As Max picked up 3 boxes, Jane whistled cheekily.

“Or maybe I can just watch my strong girlfriend do all the work.” Jane commented, opening up the box she had picked up to check where it should go. Max chuckled and dropped the boxes in the corner of one of their 4 rooms in the apartment.

“How about I watch my telekinetic girlfriend do all the work,” Max said, pausing for goofy emphasis, “with her *mind*.” Jane laughed and dropped the box, which was full of photos and knick knacks, in their small living room. Max followed her like a lost puppy and Jane glanced back at her girlfriend.

“You’re the one who said we should work!” She said accusingly, Max laughed loudly and brightly. She tackled her girlfriend onto their squishy, old sofa that was up against the wall of the small room. Jane

yelped and her sweatshirt bunched up around her chest as Max rolled on top of her and pressed small kisses to Jane's lips.

"I think we can wait." Max said, rolling her flannel up around her elbows and holding Jane tightly in her arms. Jane rolled her eyes, and squirmed under Max until she could flip them over, now on top of her girlfriend and able to press kisses into the freckles that dotted Max's skin.

"You think?" Jane asked, sitting up on top of her girlfriend and smiling down.

"Hi." Max said, grinning goofily underneath her girlfriend. She had a chip in her front tooth that Jane knew well from hours of running her tongue over that spot.

"Hi yourself." Said Jane, her lithe fingers quickly going to the ticklish spots on Max's sides. Max yelped and wiggled under Jane's relentless attack on her sides, laughing boisterously and kicking her long legs out.

"S-stop!!" Max screeched, Jane pausing for a bit before diving back in and continuing her tickling attack.

"Jane!!" Max yelped as Jane leaned down to press a kiss to the freckled tip of Max's nose, her fingers letting up their attack. Max let out a loud breath and frowned up at her girlfriend. "What was that for?" Max asked, still pouting even as Jane leaned down to capture her lips in a kiss.

"Just for fun." Jane mumbled, as she leaned down even further and pressed their lips together more firmly. Max smiled into the kiss, unable to keep up a mad facade when she had her girlfriend pressing into her like this, happy and slightly sweaty from their wiggling.

"So I'm 'Just For Fun' huh?" Max asked petulantly, pulling away from the kiss. Jane rolled her eyes and laid her head down on Max's chest, fitting perfectly. Max smiled down at her girlfriend, despite the angry charade she was keeping up.

"No." Jane muttered, breathing out and sending tingles up Max's

spine. "You're home." She said softly. Max sucked in a deep breath and looked up at their slightly water damaged ceiling, letting the rabbiting of her heart speak instead of a reply.

Author's Note:

uhh spot the reference to dodie clark and ill give u a
hug
my tumblr is @hannukahharrington
kudos and comments r much appreciated